By HAROLD MacGRATH

Thrilling story of a fight for \$7,000,000 and a beautiful girl's love by the author of "The Man on the Box," "Luck of the Irish," etc. Copyright, 1988, by Harold MacGrath

answer to whatever the girl had to say,

began to run through the composition.
"Can't you see her, by the fireplace, a thin fire under the kettle? Her man is dead, and all her sons have gone. She is alone. The old mother, forgot there among the ruins of her dreams. The end of all mothers. You love music?"
"Yes. That is why I despise the secret, offhand, is this manner; but she could not tell Mannheim!
"Somehow I understood that. Now, I wonder if I am going to offend you? I have made an appointment for you with Sorrentino at 2 o'clock tomorrow. Will you go?"

The ancient suspicion flashed into the residue that favores had to be paid.

"It is very kind of you. I will be ere. But you mustn't do anything

more for me in their way. It emin his native tongue. "Come into the plane."

guished man; you possess a great gift. "But what can I do with it? I am a rich man. I am not selfish; only, there are so few who would understand the kind of music I play that I rarely do what I did tonight. I thought perhaps you might understand."

"You told me you had no talent,"

Nancy was positively glad to see Bancroft standing at her shouder, for the conversation between her and Craig was nearing rather dangerous ground.
Craig smiled. If the interruption annoyed him, he did not show it. "I meant that I had no public talent. You

enjoy music?"
"Very much. It rouses all that is best in me; makes me want to go forth best in me; makes me want to go forth and commit some sublime folly. In the little village I came from there is an old maid who plays the church organ. I used to blow for her. After rehearsals she would play for me—Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn. I used to go home in a dream that lasted for hours. But there is something in your music that

"And you told me that you had no inlent," returned Craig, smiling again.
"But I haven't!" You are a poet. Only poets can beauty to the extent that it hurts."

I don't know one rhyme from the control of the cont

it. Genius isn't private property; it is something we must share with everybody, anywhere. Why don't you go among the soldier hospitals and give those poor boys music? Think of the pleasure it would give you!" It leads to serious expression put out his hand toward his young rival. "Thank you, Mr. Collingswood, for a fine idea. I'm sahamed to say that I never thought my music might be of use to any one. You "Yes, a vocal teacher." "He was a musician?" "Yes, a vocal teacher." "What other teachers?" She named them. "Good," he said. "You have been "Good," he said. "You have "Good," he said. "You have been "Good," he said. "You have be

"And you know where some of these idder hospitals are?"
"I can easily secure a list."
"Will you take lunch with me to-

morrow at the club, so we can talk it over? Any one will show you the way. I'm going to be very grateful. It will be a tonic; something I need rather keenly."

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

SERBILIAN COLLINGSWOOD BANCEDFT.

See of a musterious recluse who died in sought his own.

To find it slightly ajar. He remembels to a musterious recluse who died in sought his own.

To find it slightly ajar. He remembels to a management to see the and sought his own.

To find it slightly ajar. He remembered clearly of having locked it before going out. He flung it wide, reached in a hand, and turned the light button. He made two important discoveries. Which a occupies, a successful musted which a occupies, a successful musted some day singer, who aspires to grand operations of the successful musted of the successful musted formed singer, who aspires to grand operations of the successful musted struck lock had been broken and that trunk lock had been broken and that the prospectus, the photograph of Bellman and the synopsis of his adventures had vanished along with the contract!

First blood, Bancroft similted grimly.

Rangy's chum. whole-souled but blushRangy's chum. whole-souled but 'Adventure'
Rangy's chum. whole-souled but blushRangy's chum. Whole-souled but blushRangy chum. sensing that the word would be a fitting with nothing to prove that such a con

all the while watching Nancy and the man who was without any talent. Craig had sworn that if he signed any documan who was without any talent. Craig had reseated himself at the plane and Nancy leaned against the side.

"You play wonderfully," she said.

"I didn't know. What was that last?
Bomething by Grieg, but I've forgetten."

"The Old Mother." Softly Craig would come to the use of it lay in the future.

with Sorrentino at 2 o'clock tomorrow.
Will you go?"

The ancient suspicion flashed into her mind—that favors had to be paid for. But Sorrentino, the famed impresario, a disinterested judge; to know one way or the other!

"You are not offended?" he repeated.

"No. I am rather stunned. He seldom bothers with any but those who have more or less arrived."

"He is an old friend of mine, and he will give you half an hour. We met frequently in Italy after I had completed my studies in Munich. He will tell you truthfully whether or not you have a voice suited to grand opera. You have a well trained voice as it is, and you know very well how to use it. He was quite pleased tonight, though he knew that your voice really has no chance with that style of music."

"He was in the theatre tonight?"

"Yes; but he had to leave after the first set. I am to telephone him in the sender but rounded body, the runded hazel eyes; a young Violetta. That she was lively and bewitching, he already was the lack of theatrical assurance. She was not flustered, but she was evidently anxious. "Where is your music—the compositions you wish to sing to mine? If there was a blow in there, would she come forth standing or crushed?

"I am Miss Bowman," she managed to say. "I have an appointment."

The Italian manservant bowed and gestured for her to enter. He led her toward the music room, and Sorrention himself met her warmly at the threshold.

"Ah! A young lady who is prompt!" he said. He spoke English fluently. His roving professional glance took in the slender but rounded body, the rund dy hair, and the golden skin, the splendid hazel eyes; a young Violetta. That she was lively and bewitching, he already was the lack of theatrical assurance. She was not flustered, but she was evidently anxious. "Where is your music—the compositions you wish to sing or crushed?

The door opened. She did not remember having touched the bell.

"I am Miss Bowman," she managed to say. "I have an appointment."

The Italian manservant bowed and gestured for her to ent "Yes; but he had to leave after the first act. I am to telephone him in the morning."

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"I am going to leave that to you, signor," she answered in excellent Italian. she answered in excellent "Signorina, you please me," he said

return."

"Is it because I sometimes drink?"

be asked, unexpectedly.

"Why * * *"

"Supposing I gave you my word never to touch the stuff again; would you be glad?"

"Of course I would—as any good woman would be. You are a distinguished man; you possess a great gift."

"It top of the piano was littered with the scores of all the famous operus, and out of this meelley Sorrentino selected two songs which he was tolerably certain she would know—from "Martha" and "Linda di Chamouni." He tried her in comedy and trugedy; he gave her voice every possible opportunity; what is more he gave her a full hour.

"Effinito!" he cried at last, dismissing the accommands. ing the accompanist. 'My friend, the Signor Craig-who should be a famous planist-told me that you would want

the truth, signorina. Do you?" Not a Grand Opera Voice "Yes. If my endeavors are being wasted I ought to be made aware of

"Your voice is wonderful for the work to which you now apply it. It is clear, true and sweet. You are a born comedienne, signorina, just as a grand opera singer is born. All the study and application in the world will not make of you what you are not. First of all, endurance, an iron will and an iron body. In a little time you will be rich and famous. Make them give you light opera with real music. "The truth, signor!" she interrupt

ed, not understanding whither these little village I came from there is an old maid who plays the church organ. I used to blow for her. After rehearsals she would play for me—Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn. I used to go home in a dream that lasted for hours. But there is something in your music that was never in hers."

"Thank you. What is in my music that was not in hers?" Craig felt his the rain, the snow, the temperature of the rain. there is something in your many than a never in hers."

Thank you. What is in my music that was not in hers?" Craig felt his curlosity stirred by this odd young chap "I am ignorant. I don't know what it is. It hurts, and hers never did. You it is. It hurts, and hers never did. You believe one who knows, the diva is believe one who knows, the diva is never so happy and carefree as the

soubrette."
"Tell me what I lack, signor."

"Your voice is beautiful, but weak.
There are many beautiful voices, but
only a few throats which cap meet
the tremendous calls made upon them. the tremendous calls made upon them.
The grand opera throat is peculiarly a gift from heaven; it cannot be fashioned by study. You might go a little way, in minor parts, but in the end your courage would ebb and your heart asked Craig, amused.

"If I had your talent and were a rich man, I'd go about the country and give concerts, turning the proceeds over to charisable organizations. No man who has your gift has any right to hide it. Genius isn't private property; it is something we must share with everybody, anywhere. Why don't you go were done in any to the country of the first song, perhaps roughly. But you made me laugh last night, and I owed you something for that. But you made me laugh last night, and I owed you something for that. But you made me laugh last night, and I owed you something for that. But

She named them.
"Good," he said. "You have been well instructed in the cultivation of your voice, but you have been mis-directed as to its possibilities."

"All my study, all my self-denial keenly."

I shall be happy to have lunch with policy, said Bancroft, disarmed comBaid Crair C. T. T. Something I need rather taking the word out of her mouth; "never wasted. No study is wasted; ne hard work is useless. How old are you?" "No, no," he interrupted, intuitively

Said Craig to Nancy: "I shall telephone Sovrentino. And don't be afraid of him."

"That's very easy to say." replied Rancy. "I shall be afraid of him. of myself—of everything."

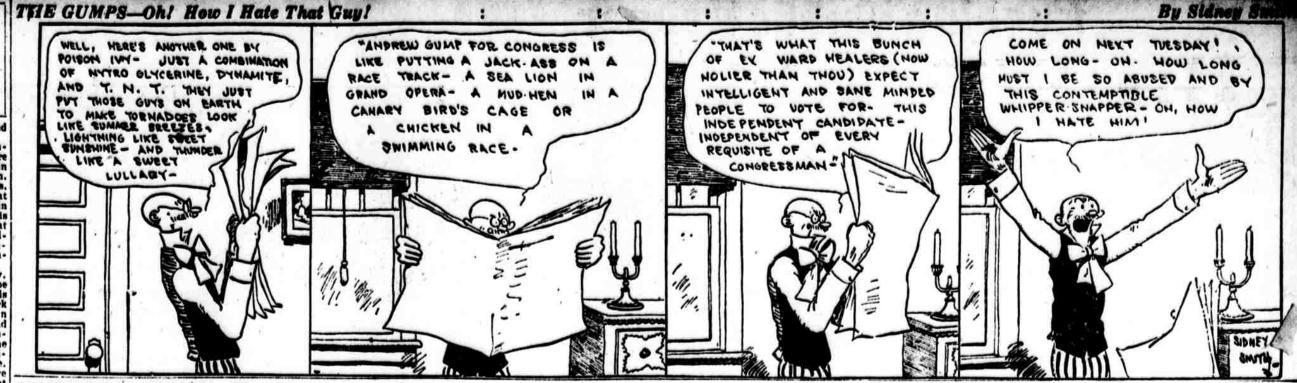
"But you mustn't. What have you fear? You have a foothold; you're the hit of "The Purple Moth; you as a foothold; you're as and tunknown. You're a celebrity."

"Was half after three when Jenny's was half after three when Jenny's try broke up. After he had helped samp and Nancy with the dishes and common clean-up of the studio. Jerry house and clean-up of the studio. Jerry house with the dishes and convince you of the folly of deserting the absolute for a vague possibility."

Suddenly a vast indifference fell upon Nancy. "I thank you, signor, for your kindness and your patience."

He kissed her hand gallantly as he led her to the door.

CONTINUED MONDAT







The young lady across the way says the cost of living is still so high in this country that it's hard to see how we're going to pay the foreign debt, which she understands amounts to about \$11,000,000,000.



SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG HOW WITHIN MY HAND A SHELL AND WHISPER THRU ITS POLDS TO ME.

ON MURNISHES WAITES, ON SIGHNS SEA

BEAR MS IN SPIRIT FAR FROM HERE

I MICH SHE'S WAITING HET FOR ME. BOSH! I'VE SPIT UNDER A MILLON THONK STONES. THING AT LL CURE IT'S SOOT AN LEMON JUICE

